

It's the Open Season for Motor Boats on the Potomac

A sheltered little harbor at the foot of 9th street southwest, just north of the spot where the big Norfolk steamers swing out into the Potomac for the nightly run southward, is the scene of a motor boat fleet. In the evening when the big vessels boil up the river mud with their propellers and paddlewheels these little motor craft dip and lift with the rocking swells, and when night comes on and the darkness falls their white lights dance with each passing wave.

Between Washington and Colonial Beach there are many groups of these pleasure craft, clustered together in some safe anchorage, and to the Department of Commerce and the coast guard service falls the task of inspecting these vessels to make sure that motor boat owners are not evading, in some detail, the laws of the bureau of navigation which relate to craft of this kind.

Now is the open season for the motor boat. The motor boat owner, these days as popular as the man with a seven-passenger touring car, all winter long the boats, with their chugging engines and their automobile smell, have been laid up on shore, but the coming of summer has scattered them over the Potomac.

The powers that be in the bureau of navigation of the Department of Commerce, as well as the rulers of the coast guard service of the Treasury Department, know that when summer comes the time has arrived also for motor boat inspection. The Department of Commerce has a vessel, the Tarragon, which occasionally comes to the assistance of the coast guard service in patrolling these motor boat fleets, but the bulk of the work this year will fall upon the coast guard.

Such being the case, the owners of motor boats will observe, some fine summer evening, a low-decked, rakish craft of undoubted official lines come slipping swiftly up the river. She will slip into the channel, drop anchor, and the wisecracks among the motor boat men will cast an anxious eye over their equipment for possible violations

of the navigation laws, for the appearance of the low-decked, rakish craft will mean that the coast guard cutter Apache, Capt. A. L. Gamble, is on one of her periodic tours of motor boat inspection.

It's a trip that's worth the taking—this patrol of the motor boat fleet. The Apache, which is now cruising the Chesapeake bay and which is assigned to motor boat inspection in the Potomac, is the official motor boat "cop" of the river this year, and from Colonial Beach to the 9th street wharf she will keep a watchful eye for persons who grow careless with fire protection and life preservers on their dainty little sea-going runabouts.

If you happen to be a guest on the Apache when she slips up past Giesboro point some evening and drops anchor in the channel off the foot of 9th street, it would be well worth while to get Capt. Gamble's permission to drop off into the little thirty-foot boarding launch that the men of the cutter will swing into the water when the Apache anchors.

Three or four husky coast guard "blue-jackets" will tumble aboard the launch to get up steam, and while you wait for them, Capt. Gamble is selecting one of his lieutenants to command the "boarding expedition," which may result in a few hundred dollars in fines for careless owners of motor boats who neglect the regulations.

While you wait for the men in the launch, the lieutenant is getting into his service togs. Already a transformation is coming over him. When you played that game of pinch-hitter in the cabin before supper he was just plain Smith—or Jones or Brown. You had been talking of people you knew there had been the usual gossip over cigars and the game, and altogether, you thought, this lieutenant person had none of the snobbish mannerisms so often associated with naval or semi-naval officers on or off their ships.

That was the lieutenant of the pinch-hitter game. The man you see before you is an altogether different man. He's no longer the plain, human, every-day citizen type of person you thought you knew. He steps forward, and one of the men in the launch salutes him.

The Owner of Such a Craft Is as Popular as the Man With a Seven-Passenger Touring Car at This Time of Year—What It Means to Undergo Inspection From Officials of Coast Guard Service—The Tarragon and the Apache—A Patrol of the Motor Boat Fleet by the "Cop" of the River—Keeping a Watchful Eye for Persons Who Grow Careless With Fire Protection and Life Preservers—According to the Regulations—How the Inspections Are Made by the Cutter's Crew.

fore asking a question. The officer's answer is short and crisp. "He's no longer pinch-hitter game Brown, or Jones, or Smith. Of a sudden he has become Lieut. Jones, or Brown, or Smith, United States coast guard service, sir."

The launch is ready and you tumble aboard, awkwardly enough, but no more awkwardly, perhaps, than any other landsman. The men in the launch "give you a leg," and perhaps they're grinning inside, but there's some more saluting, some more snappy orders and answers, and your little clean-rigged launch swirls the water at her stern and heads toward that fleet of motor boats anchored in the channel off the foot of 9th street.

Slowly the launch, with the lieutenant in the bow, moves up to a motor boat. You notice, perhaps, that she has no light astern, but is dipping up and down in the gathering darkness with but a single white light in the forepart of the vessel. No one is aboard her. The launch heads toward the wharf and boathouse. A rough-looking man answers the lieutenant's hail.

"What do you want?" he growls.

He knows well enough the meaning of that trim-clad figure in the bow of the cutter's launch, but it would be poor longshore ethics to betray such knowledge.

"Boarding party—cutter Apache," answers the lieutenant, crisply. "Who owns that launch, Isaac?"

A parley follows and the lieutenant makes note of the owner's name. The launch chugs back to the motor boat fleet.

"He'll get notice tomorrow," the lieutenant remarks to you, "that he's liable to a hundred dollars' fine for having no riding light on the stern of his boat."

"A hundred dollars for that?" you exclaim.

"That's what it'll be if the folks up in the bureau of navigation at the Commerce Department don't see fit to mitigate it. I'll make a report to headquarters on this inspection trip and they'll send it to the department. Nearly always the fine is greatly mitigated. He'll probably be soaked \$10 for his carelessness, though."

The cutter's launch creeps alongside another boat. A man is tinkering with the engine.

"Whose boat is this?" asks the lieutenant.

The worker at the engine supplies the owner's name and address—probably his own.

"How many passengers can she carry?" asks the lieutenant.

"Ten, ordinarily," replies the man with the wrench.

"All right," rejoins the lieutenant, "I'll take a look at your life preservers."

"Don't you know it's against the law," he demands, "to have less life preservers than passengers on this kind of a boat?"

"I left the other equipment on the wharf," states the man.

"Well," contends the lieutenant, "get 'em on board right away. If they're not here when I come back I'll report you."

The launch puffs away to another part of the fleet.

"It's a good plan to scare 'em, once in

a while," the lieutenant confides. "They get careless unless you keep a close watch on them. The law requires motor boats of this class to keep the full number of life-preservers on board. He was merely getting careless without trying in another twenty-four hours."

The launch draws alongside a third boat.

There's a man working away here, too, and the lieutenant questions him.

"How many life-preservers aboard?" "Six," answers the man, sullenly.

"Where's your fire extinguisher?" demands the lieutenant.

"Broke," returns the other.

"Where is it?" persists the launch officer.

"Took it home to get it fixed."

"All right," agrees the lieutenant. "Lemme have your name and address."

"What's it to you?" suddenly bristles the sullen one.

"You'll find out, if I take your boat in tow," returns the lieutenant, without parley.

The man takes a moment to consider, and then gives the information.

As the launch steams back to the cutter, after the conclusion of the inspection, the lieutenant puts away his notebook and gives you some pointers on the fine points of inspecting motor boats.

"First off," he says, "you want to go after motor boats in the evening, just after sundown. You can make an inspection trip any time, but that's the best time. Usually the owner's on board then, and you can size up his lights better after they're lighted."

"The regulations provide different lights for different classes of boats and the matter of whether a boat is 'riding'—that is, anchored—or is under way also makes a difference. The crime unforgivable, however, is the man who takes out a party in his boat without a fire extinguisher. In nearly every case of this kind the offender is given the limit of the regulation, a hundred-dollar fine. This is

the only offense for which the department cannot mitigate or remit the fine. And if there is any ground at all for action, we make out a report against the offender, and he's called to time in quick shape.

Things are fairly quiet along the river here at Washington this year. The regulations are being observed pretty well. But a few years ago we had a lot of trouble with persons who wouldn't live up to the rules. It's not as hard to make a motor boat owner live up to the law as the man who runs an automobile. The automobile man wants to speed, but the motor boat owner hasn't any rules to bother him along that line.

"We slip up to Washington once or twice in the course of a summer, and on the way up we take a look at any little fleet we may find on the way. Naturally, wherever you find a fleet of any size you're liable to find some one who isn't living up to the regulations, but outside of the regulation covering fire extinguishers it's not often they are fined up to the hundred-dollar limit."

By that time the launch has reached the Apache. You and the lieutenant go up the side, the launch is hoisted aboard and the lieutenant gets into street clothes for a trip uptown to see the sights of the capital.

You lean back in the street car and look at the young lieutenant beside you. He's plain Jones or Brown or Smith again, and except for the set of his shoulders and the set of his jaw there isn't a great deal to suggest to you the snappy young officer who, a half-hour before, was leading his launch around the channel, looking for motor boats and the men that own them.

But that's the way the Apache will do, some weather. Delightful woods fringe the extensive pastures, which are covered with soft, velvety grass on which nature has lavishly strewn Alpine blossoms. But the natives of Goms have no time for sentimental flower study, and men, women and children toil hard in summer to gather their not overabundant crop of hay. The dairy and cheese industries are cultivated with great care. In the Binn and Fiescher valleys, two small side valleys in this district, it used to be the custom to keep cheeses of this kind for many years as a sort of family heirloom. Specimens of them, some dating back to the seventeenth century, are still shown in the city hall of Fiesch.

Visitors to the Rhone valley are generally interested in the remarkable water conduits, or "bisses," as they are called by the natives, which are found in nearly every side valley, and by which water is conveyed from a considerable distance to the villages and pastures.

By means of these irrigation channels the fields are kept green even in the hottest weather. Delightful woods fringe the extensive pastures, which are covered with soft, velvety grass on which nature has lavishly strewn Alpine blossoms. But the natives of Goms have no time for sentimental flower study, and men, women and children toil hard in summer to gather their not overabundant crop of hay. The dairy and cheese industries are cultivated with great care. In the Binn and Fiescher valleys, two small side valleys in this district, it used to be the custom to keep cheeses of this kind for many years as a sort of family heirloom. Specimens of them, some dating back to the seventeenth century, are still shown in the city hall of Fiesch.

A few innovations have thus penetrated this rural region, but they have in no way affected the home life of the natives. Tiny chapels, churches and wayside shrines are dotted along the road everywhere, for the devout people of Goms have no greater interest in their lives than their religious duties.

Continuing the journey over many viaducts and bridges toward Gletsch, visitors pass the pleasant village of Lax, and a little higher up Fiesch, the starting point for the summer resort of Eigishorn. From Fiesch an excursion of an hour's duration may be taken to the Fiesch glacier, and another, even shorter walk, leads to the curious village of Ernen. Not far from the latter is the hamlet of Muhlibach, the birthplace of Schimper.

Village after village sends its greetings at the yet unfamiliar sight of visitors, and ere soon they reach Mairten, the chief community of the district. A little higher up lies Ulrichen, a military station opposite the Eginen that a valley leading to the important passes of the Gries and Nufenen, used in olden days by Italian wine merchants for the transporting of wine to Bern.

Pir woods line our way to Gletsch, and huge gray boulders are scattered on the ground. The campanula, Alpeus, saxifraga and many other sub-Alpine flowers form together a large bouquet.

Gletsch is the present end of the railway. The Grimsel, leading to Mairten, will in years to come also have its railway, but at present the difference still travels twice a day in each direction through that Alpine pass.

Gletsch, as its name implies, is in possession of the glacier of the Rhone. In fact, the terminal face of this majestic ice cascade is but half an hour's walk from the railway station, with path following the stream up to its cradle.

The journey to Andermatt and Disentis touches many spots which have classic repute for their beauty, as well as for their historic associations. Realp, Hospental, Andermatt and further on the quaint Grisons hamlets all have some charm of their own.

Only on the Surface.

MOTHER JONES said to a reporter at one of the industrial relations commission's hearings in Washington: "The employers' argument in that case looked very altruistic on the surface. It was like the young wife in the new dress at the shore."

"By jingo," said her husband, as he slipped on his dinner jacket, "you look nice in that new dress, love, but in fact, it cost me a heap of money, though."

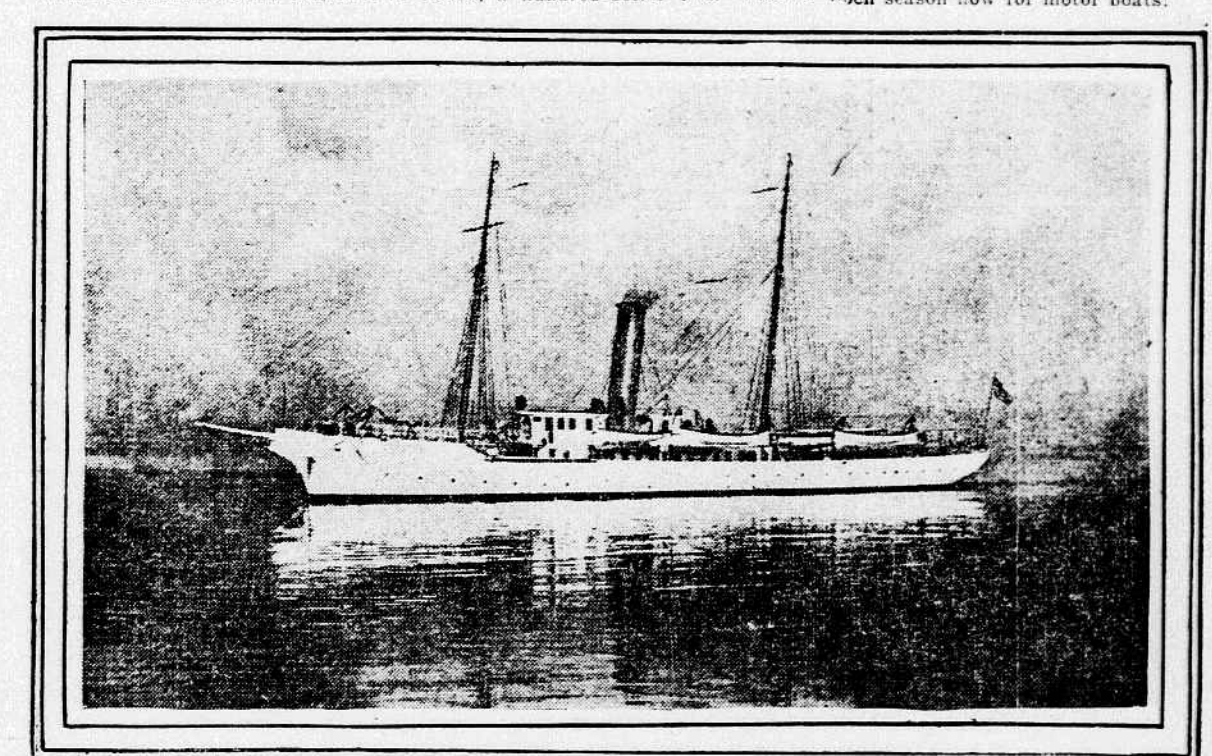
"You dear old thing," said his wife, as she prinked before the glass, "what do I care for money, you dear old thing, when it's a question of pleasing you?"



TYPE OF BOAT USED FOR MOTOR BOAT INSPECTION.



CAPT. A. L. GAMBLE.



THE COAST GUARD CUTTER APACHE.

Quaint Scenes Along Connecting Link Between Rhine and Rhone Valleys

WHEN the Simplon railway was inaugurated in 1909, there was probably no other city in the Rhone valley which gained more importance through this feat than Brig, a quaint community at the junction of the Simplon and Furka post routes. In the summer of 1913 a second gigantic undertaking, the Lotschberg railway, opened another new era for this district, and where it formerly required a long railway journey via Montreux and Spiez to reach Interlaken, or a diligence drive via Gletsch to Meiringen, followed by a train and boat trip to Interlaken, this Alpine road makes a short cut through the Bernese Alps to Kandersteg, Spiez, Bern and Interlaken.

The new railway forms the international highway from the Lake of Geneva and the Rhone valley to Italy, and the Lotschberg line, connecting with the Simplon route at Brig, has brought the Rhone valley and the Bernese Oberland in direct communication. There remained now one other Alpine pass, the Furka, which had no train service, and which, in a distance of forty-two and a half miles, runs from Brig to Andermatt, at the foot of the Oberalp pass. From Andermatt, which will shortly be connected with Göschenen, on the Gothard line by a two-and-a-half-mile-long electric railway, running close to the road through the Schöllenen, the Oberalp pass, practically a continuation of the Furka road, leads to Disentis, an ancient monastic village with recently discovered radioactive mineral springs—a distance of eighteen miles. From Disentis the Rhodian railway affords direct communication with the Grisons resorts.

To cover this entire distance of sixty and one-half miles requires a diligence journey of one day between Brig and Andermatt and four and one-half hours between Andermatt and Disentis, a fascinating drive for the tourist who is fortunate enough to be able to travel with leisure, but often out of the question for those who are somewhat rushed for time.

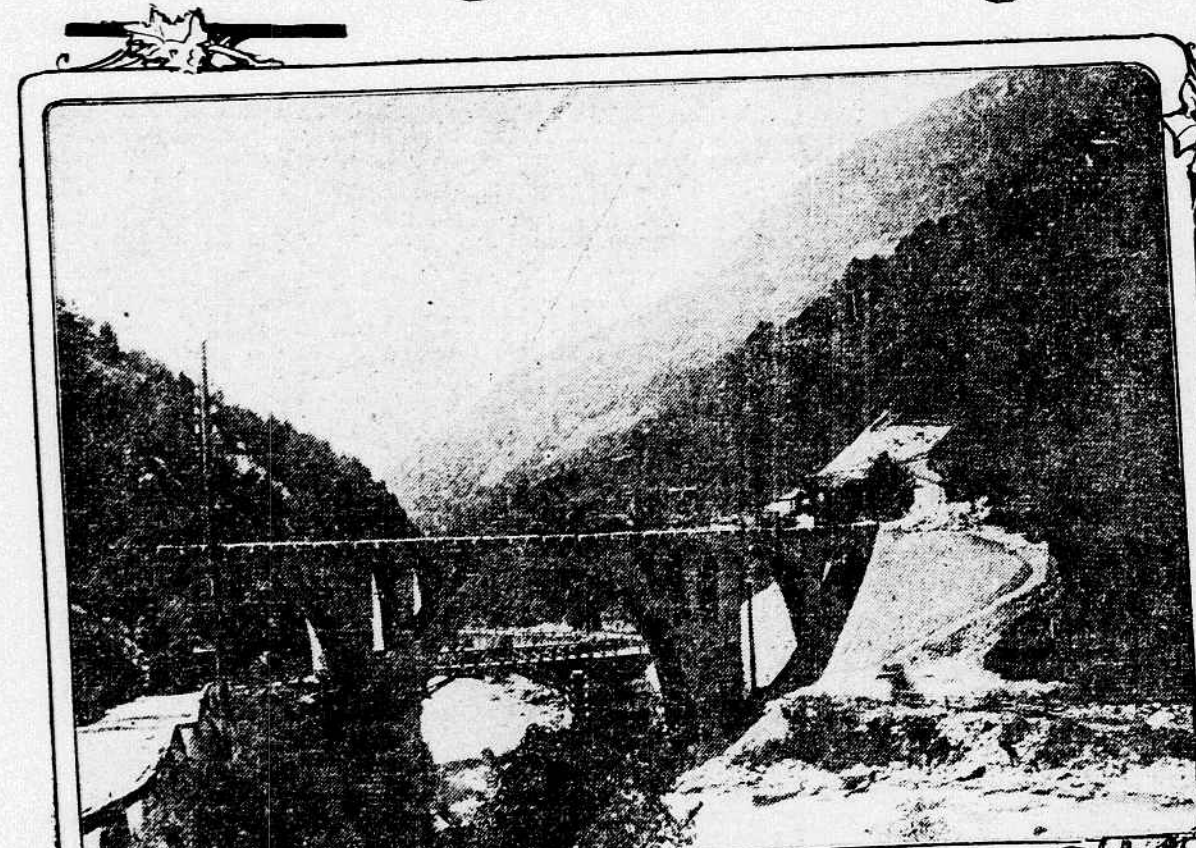
The construction of a railway which would form the connecting link between Brig and Disentis came therefore up for discussion a number of years ago and the line was started in 1911. June 29, 1914, the inauguration of the first section Brig-Gletsch took place, but four weeks later, when the railroad was actually ready for regular traffic, the European war broke out and in view of the completely reversed conditions it was decided that the line would only be opened for the summer season of 1915. The trip by rail from Brig to Gletsch takes two hours.

The railway is a narrow gauge line with rack and pinion sections and possesses a number of interesting features in an engineering point of view. There are over fifty viaducts, bridges and galleries, seven tunnels and five loop tunnels. The maximum gradient is 110 per cent and the total length of the rack and pinion sections is 102 miles. It is estimated that the cost of construction for the line Brig-Gletsch-Disentis is over \$7,600,000.

Those who take a delight in exploring districts situated off the beaten path are enchanted with the trip along the Rhone from Brig to Gletsch, for it traverses a part of the country which may well be termed "Unknown Switzerland."

On leaving Brig, situated at an altitude of 2,215 feet, the railway first crosses a bridge over the Rhone and almost immediately reaches the picturesque village of Naters, a considerable part of which is at present occupied by Italian tunnel workers. The Simplon train goes through the world's longest tunnel. While the immediate neighborhood above Brig still distinguishes itself by a particularly fertile vegetation, the higher situated districts are less fortunate in that respect.

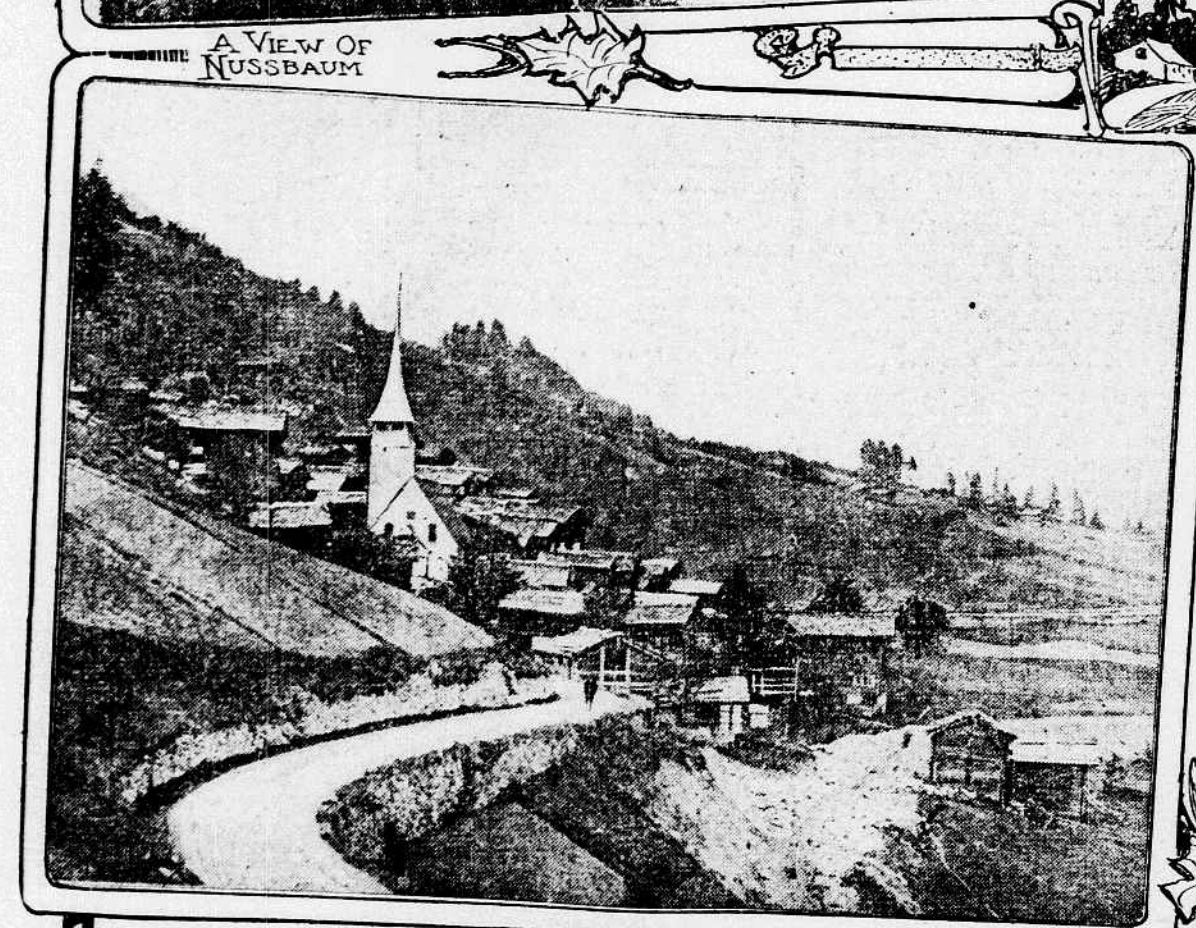
The first stopping place for express trains is Morel, a typical mountain village with an attractive church and



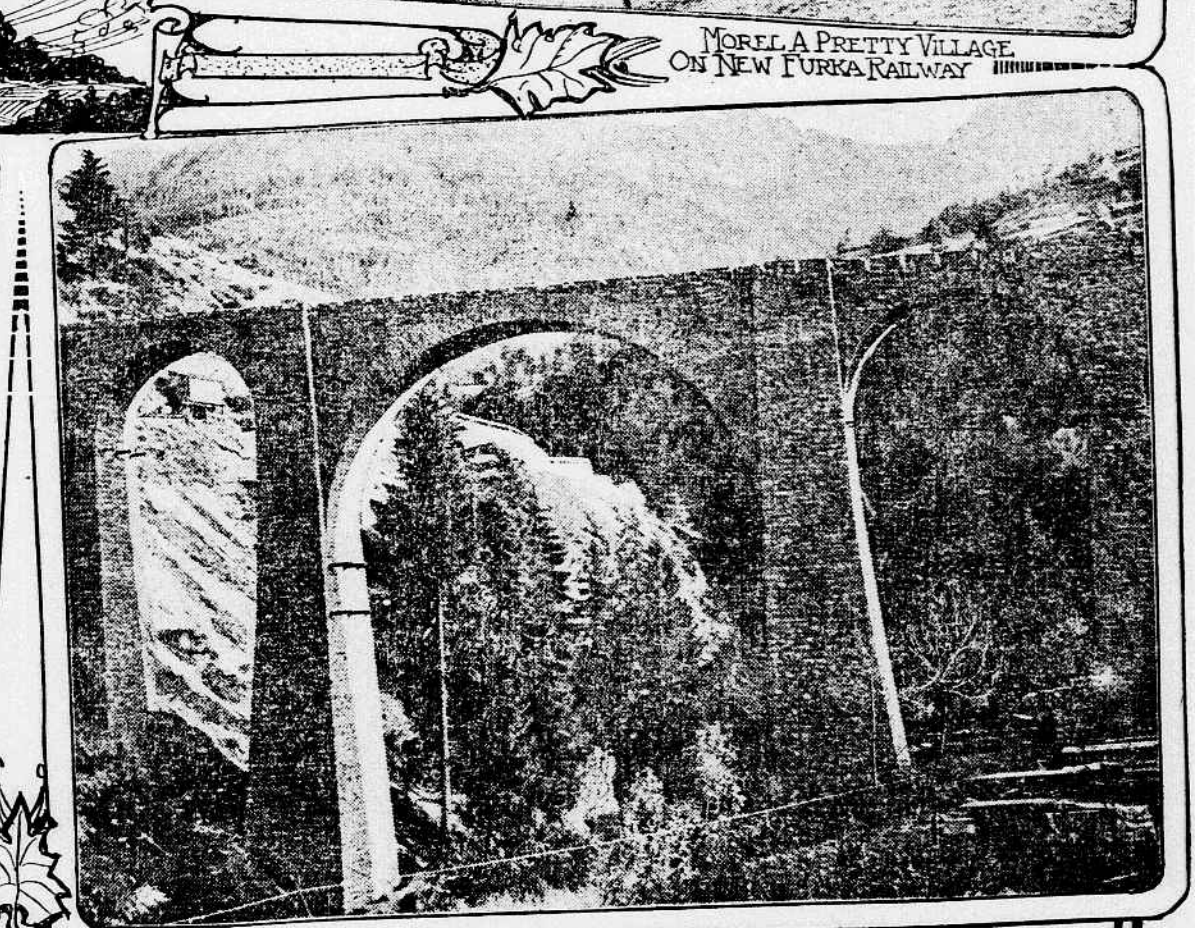
A VIEW OF NUSSBAUM



MOREL A PRETTY VILLAGE ON NEW FURKA RAILWAY



NIEDERWALD A PICTURESQUE ALPINE VILLAGE.



SCENE AT GRENSCHIOLS

weather-beaten chalets, whose nut ledge. The river Rhone has already as a vale of the same name and from now on up to Gletsch the district is known as the Goms valley.

which rushes down through a solitary and obstinate in the highest degree. In when their natural seclusion enabled the history of their canton they played them to ward off the French invasion.

The inhabitants of this section are of the sturdy peasant type, conservative and again in 1799, Count-Bishop of Sion, was born in this district. His boyhood was spent in great poverty, but he struggled

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